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# LADIES' VISITER.

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"VIRTUE OUR PRESENT PEACE....OUR FUTURE PRIZE."

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FOR THE VISITER.

"Familiar Histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of Vice and Virtue, with more efficacy than axioms and definitions." JOHNSON.

*Continued from Page 153.*

"But how is it possible, said Catharine, to preserve a cheerfulness and equanimity of disposition, in every trying situation and circumstance, when every thing concurs to oppose the bent of inclination and discompose the temper."

"Many suffer, observed Madame Constance, a natural mildness of disposition to be perverted and ruffled by vindictive and corrosive passions, which, were they at first only to resist with proper calmness and self-controul, habit would soon enable them to bear with alike tranquility and temperance, the bitter as well as the sweets, the painful as well as the joyful occurrences that transpire through life. But there are other principles, dear Catharine, of so exalted and powerful a nature, yet of so kind and benignant an influence, which, when they govern the soul and actuate the heart, are capable of rendering every situation, however apparently distressing, endurable; of an efficacy to calm every sorrow, and quiet every pain—and now, as I recollect, to-morrow I have promised to visit some acquaintances long accustomed to afflictions and distress, when, if you accompany me, I hope I shall be enabled to shew you examples, where the agency of a divine benevolence inspires the principles I have mentioned. But in the mean time, permit me to observe

that there are many of our sex possessed of feelings too acute and tender ; of susceptibilities so exquisitely sensible to deep impressions, that oftentimes render them unable to sustain painful anxieties.—How often, even in the vigour of youth and bloom of beauty, from disappointments to their warmest wishes; the ungrateful returns of ill-directed confidence, or the poignant influence of a misplaced passion, do some of our sex permit their minds to be overcome by dejection, and tortured by despair ; to suffer the glooms of sadness and melancholy to settle over their once brightened features ; and let the canker of despondency consume and prey upon their tender frames, until death, with a convulsive grasp, seizes upon the heart that long had beat under the pangs of anguish, and the bitterness of woe !”

“ O, madame, exclaimed Elizabeth, how distressing do your descriptions appear ! Would not the spectacle of the beautiful appearances of nature serve to remove the gloomy, the distracted sentiments which actuate persons thus affected ? or would the sadness which overspreads the mind, extend its sable hues to objects the most grand and sublime ?”

“ I would believe, said Amelia, that well seasoned mirth and merriment would dissipate every care and trouble to which we are exposed. I think I could sport alike with every fortune, whether prosperous or adverse : I would laugh, sing and dance away all my sorrows, as well in grief as in joy, in pleasure as in pain.”

“ Ah ! Amelia, returned Madame Constance, the natural buoyancy of spirits with which lively characters insensibly glide over slight misfortunes, would soon sink under heavy calamities : sometimes indeed, vigorous minds may banish every evil, by braving every danger, and drive away those feelings and cares by which others are irritated and made unhappy : We likewise imagine we could overcome many adversities until we are brought to the trial.”

“ I think it is enough, said Catharine, to meet present evils with fortitude, and not create uneasiness by the painful expectation of those which are far distant, and may be only imaginary.”

“ Yet Catharine, replied her Ladyship, the anticipation of future events effect the greatest influence over the most of people. Many conjure up a thousand fanciful fears and conjectures concerning future occurrences that may befall themselves or their friends, which keep them under a constant state of terror.”

“ Your observations, said Amelia, makes me remember Mrs. C., Mrs. L., and many others, who torture themselves with every imaginary fear ; and it is likewise laughable to observe their superstitious notions. The other evening Miss S. turned the sole of her slipper to her foot, because the house dog made a doleful noise ; in order, she said, to prevent misfortunes, as it







With what delight the mother glow'd  
 To mark the infant's joy :  
 How oft would pause, amidst her toil,  
 To contemplate her boy.  
 Yet soon by other cares estrang'd,  
 Her thoughts the child forsook ;  
 Careless he wonton'd on the ground,  
 Nor caught his mother's look.  
 Cropt was each flow'r that caught his eye,  
 Till scrambling o'er the green,  
 He gain'd the cliff's unshelter'd edge,  
 And pleas'd, survey'd the scene.  
 'Twas now, the mother, from her toil,  
 Turn'd to survey the child—  
 The urchin gone, her cheeks were flush'd,  
 Her wand'ring eye was wild !  
 She saw him on the cliff's rude brink—  
 Now careless peeping o'er—  
 He turn'd, and to his mother smil'd,  
 Then sported as before.  
 Sunk was her voice, 'twas vain to fly,  
 'Twas vain the brink to brave :  
 Oh, Nature ! it was thine alone  
 To prompt the means to save.  
 She tore the 'kerchief from her breast,  
 And laid her bosom bare :  
 He saw delighted—left the brink,  
 And sought to banquet there.

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### The Olive and the Rose.

Woo'd by the the summer gale an olive stood,  
 Beside the margin of the silver flood.  
 Beneath its playful, gently wav'ring shade,  
 A Syrian rose her eastern bloom display'd :  
 The flow'r complain'd that stretching o'er her head,  
 The dark'ning olive a broad umbrage spread ;  
 Or, if admitted to a partial view,  
 Her blushing leaves imbibed a yellow hue.  
 Not inattentive to the mournful strain,  
 The master heard the Syrian rose complain ;  
 The ready axe soon urg'd the fatal wound,  
 And bow'd the stately olive to the ground !  
 The rose exulting now with full display,  
 Gave all her beauties to the garish day ;  
 But soon her triumph ceas'd—the mid-day beam  
 Pour'd on her tender frame a scorching stream :



The rose now sick'ning, drooping, languid, pale,  
 Call'd the soft show'r, and call'd the cooling gale ;  
 Nor soft'ning show'r, nor gale with cooling breath,  
 Approach'd to save her from untimely death.  
 The humbled olive saw the rose distress'd,  
 And thus with dying voice the flow'r address'd :—  
 Ah ! were it not that low-born envy stole  
 With all its rancour on thy yielding soul,  
 I might, attired in youth's unfading green,  
 Have still embellish'd the surrounding scene ;  
 And thou, detaining still th'admiring eye,  
 Have breath'd thy little incense to the sky.

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### Anecdote.

A religious character having a black woman servant who was not blest with the most obliging disposition, and being often chagrined by it, called her one day into the parlour ; where, after a preliminary discourse on neighbourly love, he proceeded to read to her a chapter in the New Testament where our Saviour enjoins it. Dinah listened with much respect and attention till her master had finished ; then exclaimed, ' What, no more, massa ? ' ' No, replied Mr. ———. ' ' Dat bad,' said Dinah—' pose I makee dat book, I put right down dare, (pointing to the bottom of the page) ' Take care dey don't poze pon you.'

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Beauty in women is like the flowers in the spring ; but virtue is like the stars of Heaven.

Beautiful persons carry letters of recommendation in their looks.

As Virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman appear more virtuous.

Pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to beauty than the small-pox.

It often signifies as little to be young, without being beautiful, as to be beautiful without being young.

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